

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

A RUSTIC MINSTREL SHOW

AN ENTERTAINMENT
IN ONE ACT

BY
WILLIS N. BUGBEE

DICK & FITZGERALD
PUBLISHERS
18 Ann Street, New York

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DICK & FITZGERALD, Publishers, 18 Ann Street, N. Y.

A RUSTIC MINSTREL SHOW

An Entertainment in One Act

By WILLIS N. BUGBEE

Author of "Merry Old Maids," "Jolly Bachelors," "Christmas
Medley," "Easter Tidings," "New Pastor," etc.

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A RUSTIC MINSTREL SHOW

CHARACTERS

TED SLOCUM.....*Originator of the "show"*
JOHN BURKE.....*His chum*
HENRY SLOCUM.....*A jovial farmer*
PAT. MCGINNIS.....*A gardener*
UNCLE RASTUS.....*A shif'less character*
SOLOMON LEVI.....*A pack peddler*
PIETRO.....*A street-piano player*
MRS. HENRY SLOCUM.....*An energetic farmer's wife*
NORA HAGGERTY.....*A servant girl*
AUNT DINAH.....*Wife of Uncle Rastus*
BIANCA.....*Pietro's wife*
VICTORIA.....*A gypsy fortune-teller*
HAYMAKERS, *any number for chorus*
DAIRYMAIDS *may be used in chorus, if desired.*

TIME OF PLAYING.—About one hour and a quarter.

COSTUMES AND PROPERTIES

TED SLOCUM.—A boy of 14 or 15 years. He wears overalls or cheap working trousers, colored shirt, no coat nor vest, large straw hat.

JOHN BURKE.—Similar to Ted's costume.

HENRY SLOCUM.—Chin whiskers. Overalls, checked shirt, no coat nor vest, large straw hat.

PAT. MCGINNIS.—Working costume, colored shirt, large straw hat, heavy shoes. Wheelbarrow.

UNCLE RASTUS.—White chin beard of crepe hair, wig, and face and hands blacked. He wears coarse vest and trousers patched with different colors, no coat, torn straw hat. Should have banjo or violin.

SOLOMON LEVI.—Short stubby beard of reddish brown. Cheap suit, low-crowned derby hat. One or two large packs.

PIETRO.—Black mustache. Coarse dark suit, soft black hat, red kerchief about neck. Hand organ or mouth organ (*See suggestions*).

MRS. SLOCUM.—Ordinary house dress or wrapper.

NORA HAGGERTY.—Plain work dress, large gingham apron, sleeves rolled up.

AUNT DINAH.—Rather fleshy and with face and hands blacked. She wears very wide skirt and large apron of bright colors, bandanna turban or cheap hat gaily trimmed. Large clothes basket well filled and covered with cloth to represent a washing.

BIANCA.—Yellow skirt with bands of black braid trimming, white blouse and blue velveteen bodice, small round apron, bright scarf about shoulders, earrings, no hat. Tambourine.

VICTORIA.—Short red skirt and dark waist both trimmed with beads or tinsel, wreath of tinsel, bracelets, necklace or other jewelry.

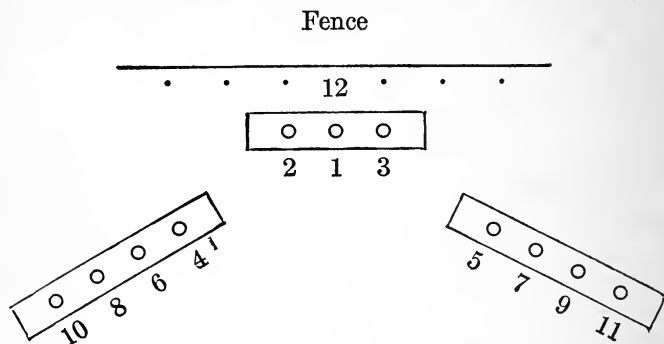
HAYMAKERS.—Overalls, light work shirts, no coats nor vests, large straw hats. Hay rakes.

STAGE SETTING

The stage represents a country dooryard in haying time. The surroundings should be made as rustic as possible. This effect may be made more realistic by means of artificial vines, potted plants, etc. There should be two or three benches or rustic settees on stage. A section of strongly-built, rough board fence should be placed at rear of stage with a wide board on top for hay-makers to sit upon.

A Rustic Minstrel Show

Following is the scene plot and arrangement of characters during the minstrel performance:



EXPLANATION OF SCENE PLOT

- 1.—Mr. Slocum (*Middleman*).
- 2.—Ted Slocum.
- 3.—John Burke.
- 4.—Pietro.
- 5.—Victoria.
- 6.—Bianca.
- 7.—Solomon Levi.
- 8.—Nora Haggerty.
- 9.—Aunt Dinah.
- 10.—Pat McGinnis (*Endman*).
- 11.—Uncle Rastus (*Endman*).
- 12.—Haymakers (*Chorus*).

A FEW SUGGESTIONS

The jokes, gags, conundrums, etc., may be changed about or omitted to suit conditions. Local jokes may be

introduced to good advantage. Everyone should appear deeply interested while jokes, etc., are rendered. All should proceed with a snap and vim, and nothing allowed to drag. Many little additional by-plays and specialties may be introduced at various times by the Haymakers and others, but everything should be rehearsed beforehand.

The list of songs may include the old-time favorites or the popular songs of the day, but should be rendered in the dialect if possible. The tune "Solomon Levi" may be found in "College Songs" (Oliver Ditson Co., Boston, 50 cents). "Catch the Sunshine" is found in "Old-Favorite Songs" (A. Flanagan Co., Chicago, 5 cents.)

For a full evening entertainment it may be well to close with a short, lively farce. The publishers of this book will suggest suitable farces.

The hand-organ mentioned herein may be made by covering a square wooden box with black or brown cloth and inserting a crank in one end. A strap should be attached for hanging it over the shoulder. The Italian simply turns the crank with one hand, and produces the music with mouth organ held in the other hand. A small music box is much better if one is obtainable.

Instead of the conundrums and jokes introduced in the body of the work, the following may be substituted, if so desired.

There's only one thing that bothers me.

And what is that?

Will a Japanese hen sit on a China egg?

What horse are you backing to-day?

I'm playing the Hard Egg.

Hasn't a chance.

Oh, I don't know. How can you beat it?

What is the best day for making pan cakes?

Fri-day.

What is the difference between a grass hopper and a grass widow?

None. They both jump at the first chance.

Why should young ladies be employed in the Post Office?

Because they can manage the males.

When is a cow not a cow?

When it is turned into a field.

Did you read that article in the paper this morning how to tell a bad egg?

No. But if you have anything to tell a bad egg, I would advise that you break it gently.

Can you tell me what the three quickest ways of communication are?

That is a hard one. I always had an idea that the telegraph was the quickest.

That's where you're wrong; there is very little difference in these three.

Well, what are the three quickest ways of communication?

Telegraph, telephone, and tell a woman.

Does your wife miss you much?

No. For a woman she has a remarkably good aim.

Why is a woman like an umbrella?

Because she's made of ribs and attached to a stick.

No; guess again.

Because nobody ever gets the right one.

Wrong; have another go at it.

Because she fades with age.

Naw! Nothing like it.

Because she's a good thing to have in the house.

Nix; not within a mile of it.

Because you can't find any pocket in either.

Again wrong. All done? Well, I will tell you why a woman is like an umbrella—because she is accustomed to reign.

You remember that very handsome watch I lost five or six years ago?

Yes, I recall the occurrence.

You remember how I looked high and low for it, and could not find it anywhere?

I remember your diligent and exhaustive search.

Well, yesterday I put on an old waistcoat that I hadn't worn for years, and what do you think I found in the pocket?

Your watch. Do let me congratulate you.

No. I found the hole that I must have lost it through.

What was the matter with your boarding-house? I see you have made a change.

Well, I tell you; the first week I was there the calf died and we had veal for a whole week, then the cow died and we lived on beef for a week, after which their big Newfoundland dog died, so I decided it was time to get out and take no chances.

Mamma, do men ever go to heaven?

Why, of course, my dear. What makes you ask?

Because I never see pictures of angels with whiskers.

Well, some men do go to heaven, but they get there by a close shave.

They are sending animals through the mails now.

Is that so?

Yes. To-day I got a letter with a seal on it.

What relation is a door-step to a door-mat?

What relation?

A step-farther.

When is a man thinner than a shingle?

That's a hard one; when is he?

When he's a shaving.

Here's a good one I heard to-day: A ball player went to the doctor's office to have his fingers fixed up. After the

doctor had finished he asked him if he would be able to play the piano after they healed. The doctor said, "You certainly will." "Well, you're a wonder, then, doc, for I never could before."

STAGE DIRECTIONS

As seen by a performer on the stage, facing audience, R. indicates right of stage, C. center; R. C. right center; L. left; L. C. left center. UP means toward back of stage; DOWN, towards footlights.

A RUSTIC MINSTREL SHOW

SCENE.—*Dooryard of the Slocum home.* TIME.—*A little before twelve o'clock noon on a midsummer day.*

INTRODUCTION

ENTER TED, R., *and sits wearily upon bench.*

TED. Gee! I'm tired of working all the time. I don't get hardly a minute to myself no time. It's always and forever hoeing corn or taters or raking hay or something else. Wish there was something going on 'round here once in a while. Wish I could go to another one of them minstrel shows that pa' n' me went to down in New York last summer where they all sat 'round in a circle an' told stories an' sang songs, Gee! Didn't pa laugh, though, when they told some of them funny yarns. I thought he'd bust hisself sometimes. Wonder why we don't ever have none here in Spicerville. I'd get one up myself if I could only find boys enough, but something seems to be the matter with 'em all. Bert Griggs has gone to his uncle's down to Pokeville; Henry Green's sick abed; Floyd Smith's got company an'—well everybody's gone away or sick or something. (*Pause. Looks toward L.*) Oh, good! Here comes John Burke. (*Calls and beckons*) Hurry up, John! You're just the feller I want to see.

ENTER JOHN, L.

JOHN. What's the matter now, Ted?

TED. I've got an idea, John. Let's you' n' me get up a minstrel show.

JOHN. A minstrel show? What's that?

TED. Why, don't you know? A lot of us fellows sit 'round in a circle like this. (*Arranges benches as in diagram*) An' then we sing songs an' crack jokes an' have a lot of fun.

JOHN. Who's we?

TED. I dunno yet. I've just thought of it, so you're the first one I've seen.

JOHN. Well, here comes old Pat McGinnis. Let's ask him for one.

TED. What? Pat McGinnis? He's a pretty old boy, ain't he?

JOHN. Pa says a person's just as old's he feels so if Pat feels like a boy it's just as good's being one.

ENTER PAT L., *trundling a wheelbarrow*. .

JOHN. Good morning, Mr. McGinnis.

PAT. The top uv the mornin' to yez, me byes. Phwat's the throuble this mornin'?

TED. 'Tain't any trouble but—but we want to ask you a question.

PAT. Wall, fire away thin. Don't yez be scairt uv askin' ould Pat McGinnis onything that comes into yer head.

TED. Can you sing, Mr. McGinnis?

PAT. Can I sing? Wull, now, that's a quare quistion to be askin'. Did yuz niver hear how I was the prize singer in the county uv Killarney whin I was a bye? But why will yuz be afther askin' that?

TED. We're thinking of getting up a show an' we want you to sing in it, if you will.

PAT. 'Tis mesilf is always ready to hिल्p the byes. I'll do the bist I can for yez.

TED. Oh, good! We'll start it right away quick. Sit down here. (*PAT takes place as in diagram*)

ENTER NORA, R.

NORA (*to audience*). Wull, now, did yuz iver see the loike uv this? Here's Pat McGinnis settin' down wid

the byes as aisy an' continted as if he'd been born a gintlemon uv lashure. (*To PAT*) 'Tis a foiné toime yez are havin', Pat.

PAT. Yis, so I am.

TED. Oh, Nora, we want you to help us, too.

NORA. Hilp yez phwat?

TED. Sing.

NORA (*to audience*). Arrah, an' phwat d'yez think uv that? (*To TED*) An' for phwat wu'd I be afther singin'.

TED. We're getting ready for a show an' we want you to sing in it. You may sit here. (*Shows position*)

PAT. 'Tis yersilf will be a shtar an' mesilf the ladin' mon.

NORA. Worse an' worse! Howsumiver I b'lave I will sit down an' rist a shpell. It's schrubbin' an' diggin' I've been doin' all the mornin' wid niver a minute's rist. (*Sits down heavily*)

JOHN. Who else'll we have?

TED (*pointing to L.*). See! They're coming now. We won't have to wait long.

JOHN. What? Uncle Rastus and Aunt Dinah?

TED. Of course! If we're going to have old folks, they're just the kind to have in a minstrel show.

JOHN. Can they sing?

TED. Oh, gee! You'd ought to hear 'em.

ENTER UNCLE RASTUS and AUNT DINAH, L., *carrying between them a very large clothes-basket. They set it down near front of stage.*

AUNT D. Fo' de lan' sakes! Wha's goin' on? Habin' yo' likenesses took?

UNCLE R. Hi, gracious! Ain't dey a scrumptious lookin' couple. Ho! ho! he! he! (*Stands with arms akimbo and stares at them*)

AUNT D. Come erlong, hyah, yo' good fo' nuffin', shif'less niggah. W'at yo' standin' gawpin' like dat fo'? Jes' he'p me tote dis yere washin'. (*They pick up clothes-basket and start off slowly*)

TED. No, no, don't go yet. Stay an' help us sing.

UNCLE R. W'at's dat? He'p yo' sing?

TED. Yes, help us sing in our minstrel show.

AUNT D. Law sabe yo', chile, how yo' spec's me an' my ol' man gwine he'p yo' sing?

TED. Oh, I've heard you singing lots of times when I've been by your house.

AUNT D. Lan' sakes! Don't yo' know dat warn't comp'ny singin'? Dat yere was only fo' our own 'musement.

JOHN. This is for our own 'musement, too, Aunt Dinah. We ain't going to have any company either 'cept folks we see every day.

NORA. Faith, yez had betther be afther settin' down to plaze the byes. It's a show they do be gettin' up wid us for the actors. Jist think uv that, will yez.

UNCLE R. Come erlong, Dinah. Let dat ol' washin' go to Bungay. I'se gotter sot down an' res'. I'se plumb tiahed out.

AUNT D. Yes, yo'se allers tiahed. Yo' was bo'n dat way.

TED. Sit down here Aunt Dinah an' Uncle Rastus. *(They set down clothes-basket after which UNCLE RASTUS slyly puts it into PAT'S wheelbarrow. They take seats as directed)*

UNCLE R. Say, Dinah, I jes' now t'o't ob somethin'. Hadn't yo' bettah trot 'long home an' fotch me my banjo?

AUNT D. I jes' like to know who's yo' niggah waitah las' year. No, sah, I'se got sot down now 'n' I ain't gwine stir fo' nuffin', not eben fo' a harrycane nor a yarthquake.

UNCLE R. Den I spec's I'se gotter go myse'f. I jes' can't do nuffin' in de singin' line wivout dat ol' banjo. *(Any other instrument may be substituted. UNCLE RASTUS rises and passes slowly to L.)*

TED. Well, hurry up, Uncle Rastus.

UNCLE R. Yes, sah, I gwine be back yere in de jerk of a lamb's tail. [EXIT L. *A sound of hand organ or mouth organ is heard outside.*

JOHN. Oh, here comes some one else.

TED. A hurdy-gurdy man, sure's you're born. That's just the thing.

ENTER PIETRO and BIANCA R.

PIETRO. We mak-a da fin-a music on da strit pianna an' da tambourin'. We play-a da tunes wat everabody lak. You pay-a da mon' an' we mak-a da music.

TED (*taking pennies from pockets and counting them*). I'll give you five cents to play for us.

JOHN. And I'll give you three cents. That's all I've got.

PIETRO. All-a right.

"Ting-a ting, ting! Hear 'ow it sing—

Come, drop-a some money in!

(BIANCA *holds tambourine for money. Boys drop pennies in*)

All-a right, Bianc', I turn-a da crank,

You shak-a da tambourin'."

[*Irwin*]

(*They begin to play*)

TED. No, no, not yet. Wait till we get ready.

PIETRO. No? Not-a play yet? For wat-a you geeta ready?

JOHN. We're going to have a show an' we want you to play in it. These folks are all going to sing.

PIETRO. Jus' lak-a da great Carus'. All-a right. Come, Bianc', we help-a to mak-a da show.

TED. Sit down here (*Motions to seats*)

PAT. Begorra, ye're gettin' along foine. 'Twill be good as a circus, I'm thinkin'.

NORA. I wonder phwat'll come nixt.

JOHN. Let's begin. Show us how it goes, Ted.

TED. All right. You' n' me'll sit right here in the middle. We'll be the middlemen.

JOHN. Middlemen?

TED. Yes, we have to have middleman and endmen. Uncle Rastus and Pat can be endmen. Sit down an' you'll see how it goes soon enough. You' n' me have got to sing the first song an' the others can join in the chorus. We'll sing——. (*Mentions some old-time favorite or popular song. They prepare to sing when interrupted by AUNT DINAH*)

AUNT D. (*pointing to L.*). Fo' de lan' sakes! See w'at's comin' up de road now. He! he! he! Anodder condition to de show.

JOHN. Sure enough. It's old Solomon Levi.

ENTER SOLOMON LEVI, L., *tugging one or two heavy packs which he sets at front of stage.*

SOL. (*straightening up*). Vell, ladies undt shentlemens, now vas der dime to get der pargains. Efrydings vas sheap like you nefer saw before. Shpenders for der vimmin folks undt pettigotes for der—no, no, dot vas wrong—pettigotes for der men undt shpenders for der vimmins. By cracious, I don't got it right some more, but nefer mind. You vant to py, *hey?*

PAT. Begorra, yer tongue is twisted loike a pig's tail—an' we don't want to buy nayther hay nor straw.

JOHN. We've got other business, Solomon.

SOL. Vell, den I goes apout mein peesness, too, but ven you see dhose neighbor vimmins all vearin' dem sheap pettigotes you'll be sorry you missed der great pargains.

[*Picks up packs and EXITS, R.*]

NORA. Begorra, he'd betther set down an' jine the circus.

TED. Oh, yes, I forgot. (*Calls*) Mr. Solomon! Oh, Mr. Levi!

SOL. (*returning*). You vant to py von off dem pettigotes, *hey?*

TED. No, we want you to sing for us.

SOL. (*laughing*). Sing for you? Vell, vell, dot vas von goot shoke. I only know von song alreaty.

TED. Well, that's the one we want you to sing bimeby in our show. Sit right here, Mr. Levi. (*He sets pack at front and a little to one side of stage so as not to obstruct the view of actors. Looks at watch*)

SOL. Meppe I vill shtay after all. Idt vas getting near dinner time soon. (*Sits down*)

JOHN. Now we're ready to begin, ain't we?

TED. Yes, I guess so. We'll start the song now. (*They get all ready to sing again when interrupted by NORA*)

NORA. Faith, an' here's some wan else comin', sure's prachin'—an' a quare lookin cratchur she is thot.

JOHN. Who is it, anyway—oh, I know—it's one of the gypsies that's camping down by Blake's woods. They tell fortunes.

ENTER VICTORIA L.

VICTORIA. Yes, I tell fortunes—nice fortunes. (*To NORA*) You have fortune told, lady?

NORA. No, I've no fortune at all but me face an' me hands.

VICTORIA (*turning to PAT.*). You have your fortune told, mister—good fortune?

PAT. Wull, now, do I look loike a mon uv fortune? I've been thryin' to make me fortune iver since I came from ould Ireland but it's purthy slow wurrk, I do be tellin' yez.

JOHN. Say, Miss Gypsy woman, can you sing?

VICTORIA. Sometimes I sing and dance when I have no fortunes to tell.

JOHN. We'd a good deal rather have you sing than tell fortunes.

VICTORIA. Then I sing you a song like the gypsies sing. (*Prepares to sing*)

TED. No, not now. Sit down an' wait till your turn comes. (*She takes seat*) Now we must begin an' we won't stop again—not even for the Shah of Persia or the king of the Cannibal Islands. (*They get into position to sing again*)

ENTER UNCLE RASTUS L. *out of breath.*

UNCLE R. Well, I'se done got hyah at las'. Had de mos' distracted time a-findin' dat ol' banjo yo' ebber see in yo' bo'n days.

AUNT D. (*pulling him into seat*). Sh—sh—! Can't yo' see dat yo'se disruptin' de perfo'mance? (*A sound of voices outside*)

TED. Gee' whillikins! I don't believe we'll ever get this thing started way folks keep a-coming.

ENTER MR. SLOCUM and HAYMAKERS, L

MR. S. Wal, I vum! What kind of a rumpus is this here?

TED. 'Tain't no rumpus, pa. It's a minstrel show like we saw down in New York last summer.

MR. S. A minstrel show, eh? Wal, I should remark. So this is what ye're dewin' 'stead of rakin' hay. (*Looks around and laughs*) Haw! haw! Kinder curious combination ye've got, eh?

TED. Oh, say, pa, I've just thought of something. You'd make the bulliest kind of a middleman. Will you, pa?

JOHN. Yes, Mr. Slocum, do.

MR. S. Wal, I snum. What'd yer ma say if she'd come out here 'n' find me a-playin' minstrel show when I'd orter be to work? I ruther guess she'd say I was a bloomin' idjut.

PAT. Niver moind phwat the wimmin sez. They're a lot uv ould geese an' their tongues are always a-waggin' at both inds.

NORA. Yez bettther moind phwat ye're talkin' about the wimmin, Pat McGinnis, or yez'll be afther gettin' yersilf into throuble right away.

MR. S. Wal, I dunno's I've got any serious objections arter all. Yes, boys, I'll be yer middleman.

ALL. Oh, good!

MR. S. (*to HAYMAKERS*). An' you fellers can set on the fence back there an' help us out in the chorus if ye want to. I guess we can stand it to rest a leetle while 'fore dinner. (*The HAYMAKERS take seats upon the fence immediately back of the singers. MR. SLOCUM takes seat as in diagram*)

TED. We were going to start it off by singing (*Any selection*) pa.

MR. S. All right. Go ahead. (*The boys sing, HAYMAKERS and others joining in the chorus. UNCLE RASTUS plays banjo, PIETRO plays mouth organ or handorgan, and BIANCA plays the tambourine*)

THE MINSTREL SHOW

(If desired, the remaining portion of the entertainment may be rendered separately, omitting all of the foregoing introduction. Thus with very few slight changes, it may be played by adults alone. In such event the whole company joins in singing the opening chorus)

MR. S. That's a mighty good send-off. I feel like a boy agin myself. How is't with you, Uncle Rastus?

UNCLE R. I feels powahful chipper, too—jes' like a li'l pickanin'. *(He may prove his assertion by taking a few dance steps)*

MR. S. Feel like givin' us a leetle music?

UNCLE R. Yes, sah. Come, Dinah, I spec's we's gotter splatterate 'fore dis yere convention. *(DINAH rises and both get in readiness to sing. UNCLE RASTUS turns suddenly to MR. SLOCUM)* Say, boss, does yo' know w'y I lubs my Dinah so?

AUNT D. Sho! G'long wiv yo' fool questions.

UNCLE R. 'Tain't no fool question, nuther. *(To company)* I lub dis gal like all possessed. I'd do anyt'ing fo' her—anything but wu'k. She's de jewel ob my heart, a gem ob de fust water, an' she's wuth her weight in gold—in de gold coin ob de realm. *(To middleman)* Does I hear de answer to my question?

MR. S. Reckon it's 'cause she's a black diamond, Uncle Rastus.

UNCLE R. Yo' come mighty close to it, yo' did fo' a fac'. *(Puts his arm about DINAH's waist.)*

I tells yo' w'y dis gal I lub,—

'Case she's de one w'at earns de grub.

AUNT D. Come erlong hyah if yo'se gwine to sing. *(Gives him quick jerk. They sing some good negro song, UNCLE RASTUS playing on the banjo. If an encore is called for they may execute a cake walk)*

MR. S. Speakin' of lovin' yer Dinah, I heerd you an' she had a row t'other night, Uncle Rastus.

UNCLE R. Yo' heerd we had a row?

MR. S. That's what I heerd.

AUNT D. A row? W'y de idee! Me'n' my ol' man nebber has any rows.

UNCLE R. Dat suttently am a gweat disrepresentation ob de fac's. Who tol' yo' sech outlandish foolishness as dat?

MR. S. A feller was goin' by there t'other night an' saw ye hit him over the head with a tater masher.

AUNT D. Well, w'at ob dat? Dat don't prove nuffin'.

MR. S. Don't prove nothin'? Wal, I swan. 'Twould come purty nigh bein' a row if my wife done it to me.

AUNT D. Law sabe yo', man, dat's jes' common 'currence.

UNCLE R. Reckon I mus' been sleepin'. I ain't nebber seen nor felt nuffin ob it.

AUNT D. Ho! ho! Now I recomembers 'de 'casion. Dat warn't no row. Yo' see he was sleepin' so loud dat I jes' had to tap him ober de head to discomflummicate de nightmare w'at was gettin' de best ob him, but lan' sakes, yo' don't spec's he feels a li'l ting like a tater masher or a rollin' pin, does yo'? Sometimes I has to use a flat-iron.

PAT. That ramoids me uv me frind Lawrence O'Toole. He's the greatest hand for gettin' into schrapes yez iver saw. Only this mornin' I had a letther from him an' he's jist got into anither wan.

MR. S. What kind of scrape, Pat?

PAT. 'Tis a bad wan this toime. He's got married.

MR. S. Wal, I swan I pity the poor feller.

PAT. Yis, yez're right. He nades it. He's gone an' married some koind uv a furriner, I dunno just phwat.

MR. S. Ye're sure 'twan't a Dutchman?

SOL. Yoost like as not it vas a dago.

PIETRO. I beta da mon it was a sheeny.

NORA. Or may be a naygur.

PAT. 'Twas naythur wan. I've jist now thought. She's some kind uv a cross betwane a brunette an' a suffragette.

MR. S. Haw! haw! A brunette ain't a foreigner.

PAT. Wull, phwat is it thin?

MR. S. It means a dark complected person, Pat.

PAT. Loike Uncle Rastus an' Aunt Dinah?

MR. S. No, they're chocolate drops. Something like our gypsy friend here.

PAT. Wull, that's betther, but phwat iver does he mane by a suffragette? Loike enough she's suff'rin' from poor health or tired falin's.

MR. S. It's ten to one yir friend Lawrence'll do most of the suff'rin'.

PAT. That's jist it. He's a suff'rin' gent. Begorra he's in a worse fix than whin he swallowed his set uv false teeth or whin he tumbled into the sewer.

UNCLE R. Golly, he suah am a gweat han' fo' gettin' into scrapes.

PAT. Wid Nora's hilp I'll now sing yez a little song jist for a divarsion. (PAT. and NORA sing old favorite or popular Irish song)

MR. S. Now I've got a few conundrums for yew folks. Uncle Rastus are ye good at guessin'?

UNCLE R. Yes, sah, I'se a powahful good han' at guessin' quermundrums, I is fo' a fac'.

AUNT D. Dat's all he is good fo'. He ain't good fo' nuffin else.

MR. S. Wal, here's one. Why is an otermobile like an old maid's kiss?

UNCLE R. W'y is an ortermobile like an ol' maid's kiss? Golly, dat suah am a sticker. Does yo' mean a *real* ol' maid or a sorter youngish one?

MR. S. I mean an unmarried female woman over forty years old.

UNCLE R. Yes, sah, I'se well 'quainted wiv de article. Dere's a good many ob dem kind right 'round dis yere neighborhood.

AUNT D. Does yo' mean to tell me, Rastus Johnsing, dat yo'se 'quainted wiv dem ol' maids?

UNCLE R. Yes—N-no—dat is, I'se nebber got 'quainted wiv dere kisses.

MR. S. Are ye goin' to answer that conundrum, Uncle Rastus?

UNCLE R. Yes, sah. "W'y am an ol' maid's kiss like

a benzine buggy?" W'y 'case—'case dey was bof so long bein' diskivered.

PAT. Begorra, it's 'cause they've both got a bad flavor.

MR. S. Ye're both wrong. Ye never know where they're goin' to land when they once get started.

NORA. Faix, an' I b'lave ye've thried it yersilf.

MR. S. Sol, I hear ye're purty well posted on the fashions.

SOL. Ya, I dink so.

MR. S. What kind of neckwear is best for a millionaire?

SOL. Yoost like John D. Rockyveller?

MR. S. Yes.

SOL. Vell den I dink shtocks would be apout right.

MR. S. An' what kind for a poor man?

SOL. For a poor man?

MR. S. Yes, like Pat. McGinnis, for instance.

SOL. Vell, I dink der pest ding for him would pe a shlipnoose.

PAT. Ye blackguard! I'll be afther tachin' yez betther manners.

MR. S. Hold on! We can't have any quarrelin' here. Now what's the latest thing in dresses, Sol?

SOL. Py shiminy cracious, dot's too much for me. Vot ish der latest, anyvay?

MR. S. Night dresses. Now here's one for yew, Pat.

PAT. Yis, sor.

MR. S. What's the difference between a tailor an' a footrace?

PAT. Betwane a tailor an' a footrace?

MR. S. That's it.

PAT. Begorra ye've got me bate siven ways for Sunday. Mebbe he runs a footrace to get his pay.

MR. S. A tailor makes pants for a man an' a footrace makes a man pant.

PAT. Yez are right, it does, an' thot ramoinds me uv me frind Terrence O'Shaughnessy. He bought a pair uv pants in New York wance an' phwat d'yez think? Nixt day he wint down to Coney Island wid his woife an' be-fure he'd been there two hours a polacemon shteped up to him, an' layin' his hand on his shoulder, he sez, sez he,

"Mister, yez can come along wid me to the shtation house. It's against the law to be goin' around here wid nothin' on but yer bathin' suit."

SOL. Yoost so. He'd forgot to shange his bathin' suit, hey?

PAT. Niver a bit uv a bathin' suit was it. 'Twas thim same pants he bought uv the Jew. The damp air had shrunk 'em clane away up to his knees.

SOL. He should haf gone to a first-class second-hand store for his clodings. Den dey vould haf been alreaty shrunk. (*He sings "Solomon Levi" or any good Hebrew song*)

PAT. Did yez iver see a barn dance, Rastus?

UNCLE R. Did I ebber see a barn dance? No, sah, I nebber did, but I'se seen a cake walk.

PAT. Wal, that's jist as good. It's yer turn nixt.

UNCLE R. Well, den I'se gwine to ax one of Nora dis time. Yo'se altogedder too sm'at yo'se'f. (*To NORA*) W'at is it has ears an' can't hear nuffin'?

NORA. Why, pitchers, to be shure. 'Tis an' ould sayin' that "Little pitchers have large ears."

UNCLE R. Dat may be all right, but in dis case it am all wrong.

NORA. Wull, phwat is it?

UNCLE R. Co'n.

NORA. Phwat koind uv corn—pop corn or shwate corn?

UNCLE R. Any kin' ob co'n. It don' make no dif-f'runce.

NORA. Faix, an' there's no ears on my corns, (*Holds out foot*) but yez betther not be afther steppin' on 'em.

UNCLE R. An' here's anudder one. W'at has eyes an' can't see nuffin nor nebber sheds any tears?

NORA. Shure an' it's praties, but yez are wrong about the tears. Did yez niver hear thot if onions are planted wid 'em they'll dhraw wather from the eyes uv the praties in a dhry shpell. (*PIETRO begins to nod. BIANCA shakes him*)

MR. S. Come, Pietro, wake up. Don't go to sleep here.

PIETRO (*rousing*). I no go'nna sleep.

MR. S. Say, how long ye been in this country, Pietro?

PIETRO. I beena deesa country mos' seexa mont a-ready.

MR. S. An' ye can't talk wuth a cent yet.

PIETRO. I go'nna learn-a talk good-a English som-a time.

PAT. It's the good ould summer toime now.

MR. S. Ye like America purty well, do ye?

PIETRO. Deesa vera good-a country but for wan thing.

MR. S. What's that?

PIETRO. Evera where I go, everabody call-a me dago-man. Soma day I go'nna be a 'Mericana masel'. Evera-day I turna da crank an' mak-a da strit pianna breeng-a in da mon'. Bimeby I go'nna getta beeg-a beezaness. Den mebbe dey stop-a call-a me dagoman.

TED. Oh, pa, we paid him for some music.

PIETRO. You gotta ready for da music?

TED. Yes, go ahead.

PIETRO. "All-a right, come Bianc', I turn-a da crank, You shak-a da tambourin'."

(PIETRO *plays on mouth organ or hand organ*. BIANCA *plays on tambourine and sings some popular Italian song*. UNCLE RASTUS *may accompany them with banjo*)

MR. S. Say, Rastus, did ye ever hear of Minnie?

UNCLE R. Yes, sah, I'se heerd ob lots of Minnies.

MR. S. Ye orter go an' see this one.

UNCLE R. W'y—who is she?

MR. S. Minne-sota.

TED. I thought you was going to say Minne-apo-lis, pa.

UNCLE R. I'se dono heerd ob Minne-ha-ha, too. She's de gweates' han' fo' tumblin' down.

MR. S. For tumblin' down?

UNCLE R. Yes, sah. Hain't yo' nebber hear 'bout de Falls ob Minne-ha-ha? (*Continues laughing*) Ha! ha! ha! ha!

PAT. Spakin' uv names, I know a feller by the name uv John Quil.

PIETRO. I know a man-a by da nam-a Tom-a Ato.

SOL. Vell, I know von py der name off Mary-gold.

TED. I've heard of Timothy Cloverseed.

AUNT D. I knows a preacher by de name ob Elder Berry.

PAT. Wull, did yez iver hear uv the Bate family?

ALL (*interested*). No, tell us about 'em.

PAT. Wull, there was foive in the family beginnin' wid the ould mon—

UNCLE R. He was de fodder beet—de ol' *mangel wurtzel*.

PAT. Then come the mither—an' a shwate cratchur she was indade.

UNCLE R. She was de sugar beet.

PAT. An' nixt come the children.

UNCLE R. Dey was de young tender beets.

PAT. But they kept the ould folks in a pickle the hull toime wid their cuttin's up.

UNCLE R. Den dey was all pickled beets.

PAT. But wance upon a toime it come a cold day an' they all froze to death—ivry wan uv thim.

UNCLE R. Den dey was all dead beets. (*The HAYMAKERS hold a whispered conversation and suddenly burst out in laughter*)

NORA. Begorra, thim fellers have clane gone daffy.

HAYMAKER. Yes, an' we've got a nice bunch of daffy-dills for ye.

TED. 'Tain't time of year for daffodils.

HAYMAKER. 'Tis for the kind we've got. Here's one of 'em: What did the barn swallow that made artichoke? (*Others are given in rapid succession by the different HAYMAKERS. The words should be spoken very distinctly. These may be changed to suit the occasion and local hits added if desired. See Suggestions*)

Did ole-and-er poppy see Jack-in-the-pulpit? .

Was Bob White robin Phoebe?

Did the cow-slip when the prim-rose?

Does the fox-glove fit the dande-lion?

Did ant-elope with jack rabbit?

Does Dela-ware a Panama?

Did Chica-go to hear Lan-sing?

What did Tennes-see Pekin' in China?

If the stone-walk can the tomato catsup? (*catch up*)

If Joshuá' two hundred pounds how much will caraway?

If Cal-cutta Little Rock what will Connect-i-cut?

(*ALL together, pronouncing each word distinctly.*)

If John-quil beet rose-mary lettuce cauli-flower.

AUNT D. Dey's suah daffy. Dey's jes' like clocks wiv wheels in dere heads.

MR. S. It's 'bout time to wind 'em up an' give us a song then. (*During the prelude, the HAYMAKERS make motions of winding up heads and all sing some good nonsense medley*)

MR. S. Did I tell ye 'bout that dream I had t'other night?

UNCLE R. (*straightening up*). W'at was yo' dream about, boss?

MR. S. I dreamt I was a millionaire.

PAT. Begorra, there's no flies on that drame.

MR. S. An' I went to the — Hotel for my dinner. (*Mention some prominent or local hostelry*)

UNCLE E. Golly, dat's a mighty scrumptious one so fur.

MR. S. But I didn't get a bite to eat after all.

PAT and UNCLE R. How was that?

MR. S. Why, ye see everything was printed on a slip of paper in a foreign language an' I couldn't read a blamed word of it.

ALL. O-o-o-oh!

MR. S. An' jest then I woke up.

NORA. An' yez niver got a shmill uv the foine dinner?

MR. S. Not a smell.

NORA. Shure, an' 'twas too bad, so it was. I'd jist tould 'em to brung on some mate an' praties ony way.

PAT. Or an ould fashioned Irish stew, bedad.

PIETRO. Geeva me plenta speghett.

BIANCA. And da good-a macaron'.

AUNT D. I'd jes' tole 'em to fotch on a fricasseed chicken.

UNCLE R. Jes' gib me a hunk of Gawgy watermilyun fo' de desert.

SOL. I yoost dake some rye pread undt maype some fish.

VICTORIA. I would have a glass of wine.

TED. A good big piece of mince pie and some ice-cream for mine.

JOHN. Me too—mince pie and strawberry ice-cream.

MR. S. Ye're genooine Americans. (*To HAYMAKERS*)
An' what would yew do, boys?

HAYMAKERS. We'd take the hull business.

MR. S. That's jest what I'd dew, an' if I ever get to be a millionaire I'll invite ye all down to that same hotel an' we'll have a fust-class A No. 1 dinner, b'gosh.

TED. Say, pa, John's got a piece to speak about a millionaire.

MR. S. Wal, let him speak it.

(*JOHN may recite the following*)

IF I WAS A MILLIONAIRE

I tell you what would jest suit me—

To be a millionaire,

An' not be scrimped for anything

To eat or drink or wear.

If anybody wants to shift

Their load of wealth an' care,

I'd like to jest swap places with

Some puffed-up millionaire.

I'd ride 'round in my auto car,

Or else I'd take my ease;

I'd change my clothes six times a day,

Or oftener as I please;

An' every day I'd have ice-cream

Upon my bill of fare—

Oh, gee! I'd cut a figure swell

If I uz a millionaire.

I'd take a trip around the world

A couple times a year,

An' all the grandest operas

I'd always go to hear;

I'd wear a diamond in my shirt—
 'Twould make the people stare,—
 Oh, yes, I'd keep things "going some"
 If I 'uz a millionaire.

An' once a week I'd have my friends
 All come with me an' dine;
 I'd feed 'em on the choicest meats
 An' richest kind of wine,
 'Cause I would have a lot of friends
 If I'd the wealth to spare,—
 You bet they'd be as thick as hops
 If I 'uz a millionaire.

I'd have to help the colleges
 'Cause that would give me fame;
 I'd scatter 'round some libraries
 So folks would speak my name;
 An' then there's lots of poor folks, too,
 Would come in for a share—
 I'd give 'em all a house an' lot
 If I 'uz a millionaire.

So if you hear of any one—
 Some rich old man, you see,
 Who wants to give away his wealth,
 Why, send him 'round to me.
 I'll try to do the best I can,
 An' treat folks on the square,
 You bet I'd have a bully time
 If I 'uz a millionaire.

(If desired, a stanza of Gus Edward's song "If I was a millionaire" may be rendered here)

MR. S. Wal, Miss Gypsy woman, we hain't heerd
 from yew yet.

VICTORIA. Shall I tell your fortune?

MR. S. So ye tell fortunes, eh?

VICTORIA. Yes,

If thou wilt cross my palm with gold
Thy future's secrets I'll unfold.

(She takes Mr. S's hand in hers and gazes at it while she recites the following or sings to tune of "Catch the Sunshine.")

Listen, listen to thy fortune
By a roving gypsy told:
Life shall hold for thee much pleasure;
Thou shalt have thy share of gold;
Many friends to cheer and comfort
Thou shalt have when thou art old,—
List, oh listen to thy fortune
By a roving gypsy told.

MR. S. That's a mighty good fortune.

UNCLE R. I done had my fo'tune tol' once when I was a li'l pickanin'.

NORA. Phwat did they tell yez, Uncle Rastus?

UNCLE R. Dey tol' me I was bo'n under a lucky star wiv a silber spoon in my mouf an' dat I'se gwine become a gweat man some day.

PAT. Begorra thot must have been a shootin' starh an' a tin shpoon.

VICTORIA. Let me tell your fortune now. *(She takes his hand in hers and recites or sings)*

Listen, listen to thy fortune
By a gypsy maid revealed—

(She bends over to examine his hand more closely and Uncle Rastus withdraws it)

UNCLE R. Hol' on dar, Miss! My ol' woman'll get jealous ef yo' done kiss my han'.

VICTORIA. I don't want to kiss your hand. It's so black I couldn't see the lines.

PAT. Begorra, he's a blackhander.

AUNT D. Nebber yo' min', Miss Gypsy woman, he ain't nebber gwine hab no fo'tune. He's too shif'less altogedder.

MR. S. Wal, hain't we goin' to have another song?

(VICTORIA *may sing some appropriate old-time or popular song and introduce simple dance steps if desired. As an encore or during chorus MR. SLOCUM may join with her in song or dance*)

ENTER MRS. SLOCUM, R.

MRS. S. Wal, of all things! I declare, Henry Slocum, hain't ye got no work to do? I thought ye was out in the hayfield. (*The HAYMAKERS appear to enjoy the surprise and bewilderment of MR. SLOCUM*)

MR. S. Ye—yes, I have been, but I jest sot down.

MRS. S. Ye hain't settin' down now.

MR. S. N-no, but I have been. I had to rest a spell. A feller can't work all the time, ye know.

TED. He's a middleman in our show, ma.

MRS. S. Middleman? Wal, I've read 'bout them middlemen makin' all the profits now-days, but I don't see much profit in this. An' yew're here too, be ye, Nora?

NORA. Yis, mum. We just had to hilp the byes wid their show.

MR. S. Yes, we're all in the same boat—Uncle Rastus an' Aunt Dinah an' Solomon an' Pat.

MRS. S. I should say as much.

TED. Oh, ma, we've had the bulliest time you ever saw.

MR. S. I've enjoyed it purty well myself, too.

SEVERAL. So've we! So've we! So say we all of us.

MR. S. Hear that? What ye goin' to do 'bout it, mother?

MRS. S. I'd orter let ye go 'thout yer dinner for bein' sech a goose.

MR. S. That wouldn't do at all. Let's yew an' me sing the closin' piece, then we'll all go in to dinner—the hull blamed shootin' match.

MRS. S. The idee! Why, Henry Slocum, I hain't got vittles enough cooked up for a hull picnic party.

MR. S. Never mind 'bout that now. We'll divide up

when we get there. I'll risk but what ye've got enough.
Let's sing that air song now.

*(They sing some old-fashioned song. All join in chorus.
As curtain falls, MR. S. says, "Come, everybody, now for
dinner.")*

CURTAIN

THE DEACON

COMEDY-DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS, BY HORACE C. DALE
PRICE 25 CENTS

Nine male, six female characters, including eccentric comedy old man, juvenile lead, genteel villain, negro, country boy, first and second walking lady, comic old maid, juvenile, and soubrette. Four of the male characters may be played by one utility man. Time of playing, 2½ hours. Easily staged, and full of startling incidents.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

ACT I.—*Scene*—Eastville Hotel garden. The robbery. Pete delivers an invitation. Meeting of Graef and Wheeler. The Deacon's arrival. The Deacon gets hilarious. The Deacon is sick.

ACT II.—*Scene*—Mrs. Thornton's sitting-room. Pete promotes himself. Miss Amelia is anxious about her "dear little pet." The Deacon makes a mistake. "Were you and Bill married by candle light?" "Deacon, you are drunk." Miss Amelia prescribes for the Deacon.

ACT III.—*Scene I.*—A street. Mother and child. The meeting of husband and wife. "What, you here?" Accused of many bitter things. Left in the streets.

Scene II.—Geo. Graef's lodgings. The finding of the diamonds. Meeting of Graef and Mrs. Darrah. "Minnie, is this you?" The photo. "Yes, alas, too well!"

Scene III.—A street. Pete persuades Billy to accompany him on an expedition.

Scene IV.—A wood. Treasure hunters. The treasure is found. Caught by the spirits.

ACT IV.—*Scene*—Mrs. Thornton's sitting-room. Daisy shows Pete what she would do. Miss Amelia's heart is in a flutter. Pete at his tricks. Consternation. The Deacon taken by surprise. Again there is consternation. Billy creates excitement. "Thank Heaven! At last I enfold thee."

ACT V.—*Scene*—Mrs. Thornton's sitting-room. The Deacon in cloyer. The interrupted marriage ceremony. "That man has a wife living." "Tis false!" An attack. The villain foiled. Arrest of Geo. Darrah. Reinstatement of Graef. Mrs. Darrah and Nellie forgiven. The Deacon made happy.

THE DEACON'S TRIBULATIONS

A COMEDY-DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS, BY HORACE C. DALE
PRICE 15 CENTS

Eight male, four female characters, consisting of eccentric old man, juvenile lead, two heavy and one eccentric characters, country boy, negro, utility, comic old woman, walking lady, juvenile, soubrette. Time of playing, 2 hours. A bright sequel to "THE DEACON," and final cure of his fondness for "lemonade with a stick in it." Pete is tricky as ever. Daisy is made happy forever.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

ACT I.—Deacon Thornton at home. Amelia delivers a curtain lecture, and the Deacon grows meek. Brandy and parsley. An innocent kiss. Dusty Jim. The jail-breakers. Pete at his old tricks. The Deacon to the rescue. "I fotched it, I fotched it!"

ACT II.—The Deacon's sitting-room. Daisy's elation. A black and white bargain. The coon-hunt. "Swiping" the wrong victim. The letter from a tramp. Billy's pet rooster. The robbery and the clue. A resurrected mogul plays possum and creates a panic.

ACT III.—Bums' retreat. The conspiracy. The coon-hunters. Pete makes a discovery. The Deacon comes home the worse for wear, and starts another upheaval. The abduction and the alarm. Amelia's predicament. "In Heaven's name, what does this mean?"

ACT IV.—Awaiting developments at Bums' retreat. A midnight hold-up. A tilt between Amelia and Daisy. The Deacon's promise. A new surprise. Dusty Jim's account of himself. Reconciliation. "United we stan', 'vided we fall. Hooray!"

JOSIAH'S COURTSHIP

A FARCICAL COMEDY IN FOUR ACTS, BY HORACE C. DALE.

PRICE 25 CENTS

Six male, five female characters, eccentric old man, leading gentleman, genteel heavy, walking gentleman, juvenile comedy, Irish and Ethiopian comedy, eccentric old maid, leading lady, walking lady, and soubrette. Striking "situations," climax at act-endings, merriment and pathos. Can be played in any hall. Time of playing, 2 hours.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

Act I.—Parlor at Priscilla Brown's. A kettle of fish. A mistaken embrace and a total eclipse. A dusky prophet. The girl's compact. "It's wid yo', pard, ebery time." Sharp, the detective. The "angel" gives some good advice. A wronged and childless widow. The rival suitors. Jeff's plans begin to work. "Curse you, I'll—!" Consternation. Picture.

Act II.—Sharp's office. The detective and the "angel." A trick on the Irishman. Josiah gets excited again. Joe gives the old man a "tip." A providential interruption. The "angel" offers some more good advice. The story of Josiah's life. An old man's darling. Priscilla scents a mouse. Out of the frying-pan into the fire.

Act III.—Back at Priscilla's. Another embarrassment for Josiah. Priscilla in war paint. Reconciliation. More trouble for Jeff. A spring chicken and an old hen. A bitter encounter. Defiance. Josiah makes a bargain. Confusion worse confounded.

Act IV.—Scene as before. A vote of confidence. A few more pointed questions. Mike on a tear. Josiah's ultimatum. A father's confession and an unexpected guest. The "splosion." Tom's exculpation. The bitter bit. Father and son. Priscilla relents. "Call in the preacher and let's all be happy!" The remnants of Mike. Finale.

BREAKING HIS BONDS

A COMEDY-DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS, BY HORACE C. DALE.

PRICE 25 CENTS

Six male, three female characters, including leading man, genteel heavy, walking gentleman, walking comedy (dude), eccentric comedy, Irish comedy, leading emotional lady, comedy walking lady, and soubrette. Time of playing, 2 hours. The theme is entirely new, with plot and counter plot, and opportunities for strong acting.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

Act I.—Lelar's mansion. Master and man. Micky's alarm. The rival lovers. A friendly warning. Masked villainy. A puzzled physician. Resolve. "Ha, traitors! have I caught you?" "Howard! husband! are you crazy?" "Have you no answer to make, you guilty scoundrel!" "None in your present condition, sir." "Then die!" Picture.

Act II.—Scene same as before. Lawyer and lady. An explanation demanded. Determination. A love spat. Micky's veracity is questioned. A crestfallen Irishman. Articles of partnership. A dazed wife. "And your name is what?" "Crazed!" Picture.

Act III.—Deem's law office. A pliant tool. An unwelcome visitor. Revelations. A collision. Snooks in clover. An incensed Irishman. Husband and wife. Mental thralldom. Breaking his bonds. Picture.

Act IV.—An appeal for mercy in behalf of Snooks. An arch confession. Meditated murder. A soliloquy. Snooks proves himself a consummate actor. "You shall not deprive me of justice!" "My dear boy, have I found you at last!" Humiliation. Joy after sorrow. Picture.

THE MAN FROM MAINE

A DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS

By CHARLES TOWNSEND

PRICE 25 CENTS

Nine male, three female characters. A young man from Maine, a wealthy New Yorker, a young lawyer, a swell English lord, Faro Phila, black sheep; a dude, a Bowery bruiser, Billy the Bum, a darkey servant. A social leader, a woman with a history, a Daisy Maine wildflower. Time of playing, 2¼ hours. 4 interior scenes.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

Act I.—Van Cruger's vanity. The letter. A cool reception. Mrs. Bradley's cunning. The question. The threat.

Act II.—A week later. Some hot words. The decoy letter. A game of cards. The biter bitten.

Act III.—A day later. Phil's scheme. A specimen "tough." An untimely arrival. A shrewd adventuress. A brutal couple. The threat. A desperate game.

Act IV.—An hour later. A "dive" in the Bowery. Billy the Bum. A hard crowd. The row. A lucky arrival. A struggle for life. Muggins learns a lesson.

Act V.—The next morning. A smashed up dude. Nearing the end. Mabel's experience. Brought to bay. The last resort. Foiled.

Timothy Delano's Courtship

COMEDY IN TWO ACTS

By MARTHA R. ORNE

PRICE 15 CENTS

Two male, three female characters. A rich old gentleman, an old maid, a young girl and her brother, a colored servant girl. Time of playing, 1¼ hours. The old aunt talks in Mrs. Partington's style. 1 parlor scene.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

Act I.—The old aunt insists on her niece accepting old Timothy. Rick's little game and the darkey's strategy.

Act II.—The scheme works. Timothy hears some things which astonish him. His escape. Aunt Tabitha catches him on the rebound, and he stays caught.

MILITARY PLAYS

25 CENTS EACH

	M.	F.
BY THE ENEMY'S HAND. 4 Acts; 2 hours.....	10	4
EDWARDS, THE SPY. 5 Acts; 2½ hours.....	10	4
PRISONER OF ANDERSONVILLE. 4 Acts; 2¼ hours..	10	4
CAPTAIN DICK. 3 Acts; 1½ hours	9	6
ISABEL, THE PEARL OF CUBA. 4 Acts; 2 hours....	9	3
LITTLE SAVAGE. 3 Acts; 2 hours; 1 Stage Setting.....	4	4
BY FORCE OF IMPULSE. (15 cents.) 5 Acts; 2½ hours	9	3
BETWEEN TWO FIRES. (15 cents.) 3 Acts; 2 hours	8	3

RURAL PLAYS

25 CENTS EACH

MAN FROM MAINE. 5 Acts; 2¼ hours.....	9	3
AMONG THE BERKSHIRES. 3 Acts; 2¼ hours.....	8	4
OAK FARM. 3 Acts; 2½ hours; 1 Stage Setting	7	4
GREAT WINTERSON MINE. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	6	4
SQUIRE THOMPKINS' DAUGHTER. 5 Acts; 2½ hours	5	2
WHEN A MAN'S SINGLE. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	4	4
FROM PUNKIN RIDGE. (15 cents.) 1 Act; 1 hour...	6	3
LETTER FROM HOME. (15 cents.) 1 Act; 25 minutes	1	1

ENTERTAINMENTS

25 CENTS EACH

AUNT DINAH'S QUILTING PARTY. 1 Scene.....	5	11
BACHELOR MAIDS' REUNION. 1 Scene.....	2	30
IN THE FERRY HOUSE. 1 Scene; 1½ hours.....	19	15
JAPANESE WEDDING. 1 Scene; 1 hour.....	3	10
MATRIMONIAL EXCHANGE. 2 Acts; 2 hours.....	6	9
OLD PLANTATION NIGHT. 1 Scene; 1¼ hours.....	4	4
YE VILLAGE SKEWL OF LONG AGO. 1 Scene.	13	12
FAMILIAR FACES OF A FUNNY FAMILY.....	8	11
JOLLY BACHELORS. Motion Song or Recitation.....	11	
CHRISTMAS MEDLEY. 30 minutes.....	15	14
EASTER TIDINGS. 20 minutes.....		8
BUNCH OF ROSES. (15 cents.) 1 Act; 1½ hours.....	1	13
OVER THE GARDEN WALL. (15 cents).....	11	8

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COMEDIES AND **25 CENTS EACH**

	M.	F.
BREAKING HIS BONDS. 4 Acts; 2 hours.....	6	3
BUTTERNUT'S BRIDE. 3 Acts; 2½ hours.....	11	6
COLLEGE CHUMS. 3 Acts; 2 hours; 1 Stage Setting.....	9	3
COUNT OF NO ACCOUNT. 3 Acts; 2½ hours.....	9	4
DEACON. 5 Acts; 2½ hours.....	8	6
DELEGATES FROM DENVER. 2 Acts; 45 minutes....	3	10
DOCTOR BY COURTESY. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	6	5
EASTSIDERS, The. 3 Acts; 2 hours; 1 Stage Setting.....	8	4
ESCAPED FROM THE LAW. 5 Acts; 2 hours.....	7	4
GIRL FROM PORTO RICO. 3 Acts; 2½ hours.....	5	3
GYPSY QUEEN. 4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	5	3
IN THE ABSENCE OF SUSAN. 3 Acts; 1½ hours.....	4	6
JAIL BIRD. 5 Acts; 2½ hours.....	6	3
JOSIAH'S COURTSHIP. 4 Acts; 2 hours.....	7	4
MY LADY DARRELL. 4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	9	6
MY UNCLE FROM INDIA. 4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	13	4
NEXT DOOR. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	5	4
PHYLLIS'S INHERITANCE. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	6	9
REGULAR FLIRT. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	4	4
ROGUE'S LUCK. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	5	3
SQUIRE'S STRATAGEM. 5 Acts; 2½ hours.....	6	4
STEEL KING. 4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	5	3
WHAT'S NEXT? 3 Acts; 2½ hours.....	7	4
WHITE LIE. 4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	4	3

WESTERN PLAYS **25 CENTS EACH**

ROCKY FORD. 4 Acts; 2 hours.....	8	3
GOLDEN GULCH. 3 Acts; 2¼ hours.....	11	3
RED ROSETTE. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	6	3
MISS MOSHER OF COLORADO. 4 Acts; 2½ hours....	5	3
STUBBORN MOTOR CAR. 3 Acts; 2 hours; 1 Stage Setting	7	4
CRAWFORD'S CLAIM. (15 cents.) 3 Acts; 2¼ hours.	9	3

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